

Halo: Combat Evolution

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Summary: Based on the first game. Where did the Master Chief come from, what does he look like under the helmet, what secrets haunt him from his past. Find out as he and the marines battle it out with the Covenant on the mysterious ring planet

Halo: Combat Evolution

Children's laughter filled the air. The sun melted away into the horizon, leaving the silhouettes of children playing against the burnt sky. One boy sat alone on a set of swings, his desolate eyes fixed upon the ground. The rungs of the swing creaked lightly as they swayed back and forth in the wind. Two long shadows suddenly came over the boy. The swing stopped. The boy broke his gaze from the ground and looked up.

A soldier in full clad MJOLNIR armour stood tall. An amber coloured visor on his helmet masked his face. In his hands was a tightly gripped M5AB assault rifle, fresh gun-smoke trailed from the muzzle. He was a man and machine refined to look like a Greek War God. This was a Spartan and he was the Master Chief.

He glanced at another Spartan several yards away. The Spartan looked back at him and returned an affirmative nod. The two of them looked over their shoulders. There were more Spartans – a few dozen of them. They stood atop a steep hill, looking down into the central atrium of a military colony.

A giant alien cruiser hung ominously in the sky. Thousands of tiny ships swarmed from its mass. Amongst the rows of derelict buildings, two teams of Spartans hustled. A huge plasma mortar rocketed down from the sky and smashed into the road. Another streamed into a building and obliterated it. An avalanche of plaster and metal came crashing down. The Spartan's dodged around the hailing chunks without dropping their pace.

Hundreds of marines held down the front, locked in a heavy gun battle

against the oncoming alien legion. The aliens ranged in size and shape. A grunt ran through and shot its plasma rifle twice, downing two marines, causing the ground to be splashed an unpleasant red colour. An Elite hurtled out of the oncoming onslaught and jumped onto an unsuspecting marine devouring his face in an instant and then moving on once more, a ravenous hunter in a field of human life. They are the Covenant and their numbers were incredible. They charged heedlessly, firing their plasma rifles with reckless abandon, caring not if the shots came in contact with humans or their own kin.

The marines held their line. Another plasma mortar hurtled down and impacted directly in front of the line. Their were screams of agony and defeat as bodies were hurled in every direction, limbs falling from the sky as if they were a grotesque imitation of rain. A Covenant drop ship with a U-shaped bow roared by overhead.

The main wave of Covenant soldiers clashed into what remained of the marines.

A team of Spartans mixed with marines ran a gauntlet of heavy gunfire. Plasma beams flew by, skimming by their heads. The Spartans unloaded rounds onto bands of Covenant soldiers. They were fast " it was a game of aim and shoot where every bullet made contact.

Three Spartans on a one knee firing stance emptied round after round into their enemies. They exhausted magazines and slotted in new ones at a lightning pace.

The Master Chief held his own ground. He fired, re-aimed, fired " covering an all angled assault. A Covenant Elite drew into his immediate proximity. The Master Chief floored it with the butt of his rifle and drilled two rounds into its skull, before quickly regaining his firing stance.

In a courtyard, two Covenant Hunters, virtually living tanks, formed an impenetrable shield for several of the Covenant soldiers. The marines pumped rounds into them. Their bullets ricocheted off their armour. The Covenant troops peered around their protective cover and mowed the marines to the ground

A Spartan charged across the road. One hand gripped the rifle, the other two grenades. He aimed the rifle with a single arm, training it on a group of grunts. He bounded over a wall, pulled the pins from the grenades and hurled them over to the Hunters. They bounced over the ground and came to rest at their feet. There was a deafening explosion as the Hunters' legs were blown apart, uncovering the mass of hiding soldiers. The remaining marines, seizing this window of opportunity, opened hell.

A series of rockets came down, indiscriminate on whom they hit. Pockets of Covenant soldiers and marines were blown away. One Spartan took a direct hit, leaving a large gaping hole in his chest. He looked down at his injured body as if confused and conflicted with the pain he was feeling and then crumbled to the ground. Another two were thrown into the air.

Another Covenant drop-ship flew by overhead. Plasma turrets on the underside cut down marines like they were made of paper. A marine bearing a rocket launcher aimed at the passing drop-ship. He squeezed

the trigger. A rocket propelled towards the ship and impacted on the side. The drop-ship dipped off to the side and crashed into a building, sending rubble cascading down as a great dust cloud covered the courtyard.

On a juncture, two Spartans stood back-to-back fending off an overwhelming number of Covenant Soldiers. Several plasma bursts burned through one Spartan's chest, sending him to the ground. The other Spartan continued unfazed. He suddenly got hit in the back. The Spartan staggered a few steps forward, spun around, and took down his assailant. More blasts into his back. He dropped to his knees and slumped to the floor.

The Master Chief was frantically making his way up to the main artery. A brilliant white flash blinded the field momentarily. Soldiers all around squinted, their faces almost devoured by the light. It was short lived and quickly cleared, leaving a view of the facility completely engulfed in flames.

Something hit the dirt near the Master Chief, the blast forcing him to the ground. The amber visor on his helmet cracked. He got up onto his knees, unclipped his helmet and removed it.

His face " pale like it had never seen the sun before, eyes a haunted blue that possessed certain emptiness to them. The texture of his skin was rough and heavily scarred.

A vast shadow passed over. He looked up. A colossal space cruiser eclipsed the sun|

Low beeping.

The Master Chief lay half-naked, encased within the cylindrical cryo-tube. His upper body was covered in scars and surgical implants. A dark mesh could be seen on the areas just beneath the skin. Half of his right arm was cybernetic. The fingers twitched. His eyes slowly opened. A green beam scanned the length of his body.

"Heart rate fifty-one beats per minute. Blood pressure, normal. Neural activity, stable."

The whole tube began to move|

End
file.